

Tug of War

Jedi Mind Tricks

Adjust of us, to attacks the crowd
The simple fly, plus arrows, I rush the format
If four blind shots to ya verbs and pronouns
These herbs'll slow down, with terms to sicken a guitar
Dip live and you just the point to ball
For sharp lines, make keen, the blast to catch phrase
Overdrawn by the crowd who strikes amaze
Never float like me, and oddly never lose a few
So bear wits, to appreciate verse such as that
Anitiate words to come back, over tight
Nah, I'm different from these war heads
More treds on my adjective's
Allow full side steps, to deflect your ships
Then he make a true vowels, with volume, see I'll
Prospect tunnel, for me and Asan Icon
We rock broad neck, funnels to collect
The drips and moss, giving y'all friends and serves
No connecting to our actual juice of five foot
And the least to serve, with over stridal shoots
Indeed and they relax in comforts
They need to form and parse words, to lose any casual sense
Of well being, yo lay back, grows ya depths

As the beings, squads find it hard to establish
A working rhythm, my esoteric mysticism makes me a mathematicia
n
Like Apollonius, phony as any who receive lobotomies
Get caught in my harsh, canapoly of unhappy rhapsodies
Fragments of stagments, we world with ultramagnets
My reverberation, crush men to micro fragments
I get's physical in the forest of absolute manitrition
My complex disposition, forces crews into submission
Beginnings on one six two, switches through to witch's brew
On which is true, or which is you
Isolation, plus, a reflux, I see buck
Who get the equilibrium shattered, or crushed to this
I throw fists, and take trips, to other dimensions
My henchmen will bend them and get attention
As I destroy decoys and make noise
My b-boys will be employed, to deploy like the falling of Troy
Fell into the soul, control, what is concealed
If a void is not filled, my suicidal thoughts will come real